

## THIS, THAT AND T'OTHER

Wonderful Manifestation of Intelligence  
by a Pet Dog.

## THE BABY'S BODY GUARD

Men Whose Minds Are Weak—  
About the "Jag" Cure—  
Played a Joke On  
His Friend.

BUTTE, May 29.—There are many remarkable instances of the display of almost human intelligence of dogs and such stories regarding them are always interesting. A young family on West Granite street has one of these interesting brutes, and daily gives evidence of his intelligence. No pains have ever been taken to teach him, but he seems to understand everything that is spoken to him and obeys every command. He does such intelligent tricks as answering the door bell, shutting doors and bringing to his master and mistress any article of almost every description, no matter where it may be, upon a request for it. Some months ago the young family was blessed with the arrival of a boy baby, and within a very short time the dog took as much interest in the new member as the father and mother did and took a watchful and jealous care of it. When the child was asleep, Wanda, the dog, remained by its side and permitted no one to disturb it, and as soon as it awoke the mother was sure to be notified by the dog. If the mother did not at once respond and the child began to cry, Wanda would run back and forth between the child's couch and the mother and exhibit the greatest anxiety. He would leap upon the bed and try to quiet the child by licking its face and keep up its efforts until the mother came to the baby.

A few weeks ago the child took sick, and Wanda seemed restless as fully as any one, and when the baby's form was carried out of the home to return no more, the dog exhibited genuine grief and sorrow. For days he refused to leave the baby's bed or lurch except when the street door opened, and then he would run to it to see if the little one was returning, and showed his disappointment by walking slowly back to the bed with his head down. A few days ago a lady friend called on the bereaved mother, bringing with her a baby of about the age of the dead one. Wanda thought his little charge had returned and his joy was unbounded. He ran from the child to the mother, turning at their dressing and was not satisfied until the mother took the child, and then the dog's joy and satisfaction was complete.

"This talk about roasting the Keeley cure because a few weak-minded who have graduated from some of the different institutions have fallen back into their old habits, makes me awfully tired," remarked a well-known commercial man in the McDermott hotel rotunda the other evening. "To say that such talk is absurdly foolish is not putting it half strong enough. I used to be as hard a drinker as anybody, and came hear losing my job through it half a dozen times, but I took the Keeley cure at the main institute, at Twilight, Ill., about eight months ago, and since that time I have not had the slightest desire to take anything stronger than mineral water or coffee. Having been through the mill myself I know just what I am talking about. I know just what a man who becomes a drunkard again after having taken the treatment, is a consummate fool and no blame should be attached to Dr. Keeley or his cure. The doctor does not pretend to say that his cure, great as it is, will render it impossible for a man to take a drink during all the rest of his life. When a man goes to any of the institutes Dr. Keeley or the physician who happens to be in charge of it, always has a short talk with him, in which the case is stated briefly but plainly. The man is talked to about like this: 'Now, I don't care how hard a drinker you have been, the treatment will remove every trace of the alcoholic poison from your system, and render even the smell of liquor distasteful to you. After that if you want to let liquor entirely alone you will not have the least trouble in doing so, but if on the other hand you want to contract the habit a second time and become a drunkard again, you can do that too. We can cure a man, no matter how bad his case may be, but after he leaves the institute we cannot guarantee that he will remain a sober man unless it is his desire to be such.'

"Now, there is the whole case in a nutshell," continued the drummer. "They do not claim that a man cannot contract a liking for liquor a second time. But you never hear of any failures of the Keeley cure among men who have taken the treatment with honest intentions and who desire to profit by it. They never have any trouble in letting liquor alone. What few failures there are are always among the weak-minded, senseless fellows, who do not know enough to leave liquor alone after they have been cured of the taste for it by the greatest God-given world has ever known. And yet, because one of these fellows gets to drinking again after he has once been cured, a lot of people who do not seem to know what their brains were made for, take a strange delight in denouncing the whole cure. Such people make me dreadfully tired. The cure is all right with men who have sense enough to appreciate it."

Pert Aldrich, the little round insurance agent whose amusing pranks have frequently been related in these columns, played a good one on a friend of his the other night. About 2 o'clock in the morning Aldrich was standing with a couple of friends at the northeast corner of Main and Broadway, seriously discussing the advisability of going home, when a well-known, extravaganza man of Butte started across the street toward them. Aldrich's fertile brain quickly evolved a joke and he commenced to fall around on the sidewalk at his feet. As the other man came up to them and noticed his friend groping around in the dark, he inquired what was the matter, and Aldrich replied: "I just dropped a \$20 gold piece here." The extravaganza man, who happens to be a Jew, pricked up his ears, and when Aldrich added, "and I'll give you \$10 of it if you find it for me," he pricked them up still farther and promptly got down on his knees and commenced to hunt for the missing gold piece by the light of match-sticks. When his supply of matches was exhausted he went into the Windsor hotel and got two or three candles, with which to more vigorously prosecute the search. About this time the two police men in that beat joined the party and entered into the fun. It was such a task for Aldrich to keep from roaring out with laughter that he was really the hardest worked man in the party and he was compelled to adjourn to a safe distance around the corner every few minutes to dispose of his surplus mirth. After hunting for the "shiner" for about an hour and a half and finding no trace of it, the extravaganza man was about to give up the search when Aldrich suggested that it might have fallen through a crack in the walk. This seemed plausible and with the promised reward of \$10 before his eyes the man went across to the California brewery and borrowed a

pick and shovel with which he proceeded to tear up the walk and the poor fellow worked away there, tearing up boards and then nailing them down again until a quarter to six. Almost four hours before Aldrich's heart relented and he was let into the secret. He was tired enough then, but after the party had spent about a half an hour in George O'Reilly's saloon he felt better, although he will probably never quite forgive the man who put the job up on him.

Judge Muldoon and McConville, the tailor, are near neighbors, only a narrow hall separating their respective shops. They frequently exchange neighborly visits, rather they used to, as their hitherto friendly relations are at present somewhat strained. The feeling of enmity now existing between the two is the outcome of that inherent streak of envy which exists in all of us. The judge bought an expensive copy of Butler's book, and then placed it on a shelf where it could be seen by everybody. Not satisfied with this, he ornamented the shelf with costly silk curtains and took particular care to call McConville's attention to the gaudy display, at the same time making a remark reflecting somewhat on the poverty of tailors and their lack of appreciation of things beautiful. "Mac" said not a word, but immediately betook himself downstairs and bought the costliest and tallest silk hat that he could find. He put the hat on his head and a cigar in his mouth, and thus equipped he walked for hours in front of the judge's open door, occasionally going in and asking the court how he liked his new hat. When times of his display "Mac" placed the tile in the safe in his shop and slammed the door so hard that it shook the building. The judge hastened to the tailor shop to see what had occurred, and was told by "Mac" in a rather significant manner that some people who couldn't afford to buy silk hats did not hesitate to obtain them in another way, and for that reason he proposed to lock his in the safe. But his triumph was short-lived, as he has lost the combination to the safe. The judge is not much better off, somebody has stolen his book.

## A GREAT JOKER.

Bartender Murphy Fires Two Shots at Himself.

BUTTE, May 29.—Patsy Murphy, night bartender at the Saratoga, made an unsuccessful attempt this afternoon to familiarize himself with the hereafter. He was in the saloon at about 3:30 o'clock, and went to a closet in the rear. There he fired two shots at himself, but failed to hit each time. Both shots were aimed at the head, and the nearest either of them took effect was to pass through his hat. Officer Hooper, who was standing near the corner of Main and Park streets, heard the shots and ran to the saloon, thinking that somebody was being murdered. He disarmed the would-be suicide, but not without a struggle as Murphy fought savagely for the retention of the pistol, saying that he was determined to kill himself. Prior to the arrival of the officer a young man who was in the saloon had a struggle with Murphy, and prevented him from firing a third shot at himself. No cause other than a mind unsettled by excessive drinking is known for the attempt. About three years ago Murphy was in a similar unsuccessful effort to shuffle off.

## Before Starting on a Journey

A person usually desires to gain some information as to the most desirable route to take, and will purchase tickets via the one that will afford him the quickest and best service. Before starting on a trip to Chicago or any point East, you should provide yourself with a map and time table of the Wisconsin Central line. The train runs on this line are vestibuled and are equipped with Pullman's latest drawing room sleepers, elegant day coaches and dining cars of latest design, built expressly for this service, and are exquisite in furnishings and convenient and comfortable in arrangement and so complete in every detail that they have no superior in comfort and elegance. The dining car service is pronounced by all the most elegant ever inaugurated, and is operated in the interest of its patrons.

Fast trains via the Wisconsin Central line leave Minneapolis daily at 12:45 p. m., and 6:25 p. m., and St. Paul at 1:30 p. m., and 7:15 p. m., making favorable connection with all trains from the West and Southwest.

For tickets, time tables, berth, reservations, etc., apply to G. F. McNeill, C. P. & T. A., Minneapolis, Minn., or to Jas. C. Pond, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago, Ill.

## Political.

It is not improbable that the democratic party in convention at Chicago June 21st will nominate a democrat for president of these United States. This is not, however, the chief reason why all delegates and others interested should travel via the Union Pacific railway, but because this line insures comfort, safety and speed. Tickets at half rate will be on sale from Montana points to Chicago and return at Union Pacific office, corner Main and Broadway, June 15th to 19th inclusive, good for return July 6th.

BOZEMAN, May 26.—The plat of Ilany Be Place was filed with the clerk and recorder today, and the Bozeman syndicate is now ready to make deeds.

Emmet Harris and William Toring, who purchased lots in Butte, were over this week inspecting the grounds. They found everything as represented and made their last payment at the Bozeman National bank. All those who have purchased lots in Bellamy Place should make their last payment at the bank as per receipt.

OFFICE OF RED LION MINING CO.,  
ANACONDA, MONT., May 18, 1892.  
Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Red Lion Mining company at G. B. Winston's office, in Anaconda, Mont., on Friday, the 31 day of June, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of trustees and officers for the ensuing year.  
GEORGE B. WINSTON, Secretary.

Montana Union Railway Co.  
Commutation tickets, limited to 30 days from date of sale, good for 52 trips between Butte and Anaconda, \$35.  
S. B. CALDERHEAD,

For Sale—A gold mine with seven well developed leads and a 10-stamp mill. Address, W. E. H., 21 East Broadway, Butte.

All ladies desiring fashionable dress-making and a perfect fit call on Mrs. Mann, room 53 upper floor, Cobban house, East Broadway.

Call and see all the novelties in oil stoves and ovens. H. J. Blume, 78 West Park.

For the finest liquors in Butte go to Harrington & Driscoll, corner Main and Quartz streets.

Diseases of women treated by Dr. Norcross, new Oakes block.

J. Wey Merrill, attorney and notary, 217 North Main street, Butte City, Mont.

When you want a good drink, or smoke, stop at Harrington & Driscoll's.

P. O. S. of A.  
Emblem pins. Leys, the jeweler.

## A TALK WITH CARLETON

What He Has to Say About His Reputation as a Poet.

## HIS LECTURE YESTERDAY

Many People Pleased and His Savings Greeted With Applause—He is Visited by a Reporter.

BUTTE, May 29.—Notwithstanding the exceeding bad weather and several unlooked for accidents, a very fair sized audience greeted Will Carleton, America's freestyle poet this afternoon at the opera house. Mr. Carleton was introduced by Dr. Holmes and commenced his lecture by stating that he never estimates his audience by its physical proportions but by its mental size, and although the rain drops were this afternoon drumming a tune on the roof, he said, he would have a good time with his auditors. He said he would speak on "The Drama of Human Nature," an old story dated back to the garden of Eden. Mr. Carleton then introduced one of his characteristic poems on the subject of an old father's advice to his daughter who is about to become a bride, which was followed by the story of Uncle Sam's advice to himself to death. Each poem was prefaced with some interesting and pertinent talk by the poet, who swayed the audience between tears and laughter for more than two hours. The brightest humor was followed by the deepest pathos, and the lecturer seemed to possess the feelings of the characters he created. In prefacing a humorous story of a lightning rod agent, the poet said, humbugging is the oil that runs the machinery of human nature, and that without humbug the government could not be run for a single day. Humbug is a good thing, he said, but half the evils of life result from overdoing a good thing. Among others of his productions he recited his famous "First Settler," which is generally regarded as his best effort. It touched the hearts of the audience and during its recital he was several times interrupted by applause. Like all his poems, "The First Settler" carries a good moral. "I would not speak a minute and a half for a thousand dollars and a half," said the poet, "if I could not carry to my hearers some little help in performing the drama of life."

He recited one of his touching poems appropriate to Decoration day and one of a humorous nature about the Fourth of July. Carleton is a pleasant speaker and realistic performer, and recites his poems with a feeling that carries the audience with him and feel the love, hates or sorrows of his creation.

Mr. and Mrs. Carleton arrived in town at 12 o'clock last night from Helena, and no one being at the depot to meet them, went alone to the McDermott, where they are stopping. There was some misunderstanding on the part of the committee as they had expected Mr. Carleton at 7 o'clock last evening, and arrangements had been made to give him a reception at the McDermott. The high school pupils were to meet him there, and the girls were each to present him with a bouquet and the boys with specimens of mineral quartz. However, Mr. Carleton did not arrive and the reception was postponed. The committee then looked for him on the 10:30, but as stated, he did not arrive until after midnight.

The poet was seen at the McDermott this afternoon by a reporter. Mr. Carleton is a very pleasant gentleman, and in his conversation gives evidence of that kindly feeling and simple pathos which have won for him so wide a renown. He appears to be about 40 years of age, and is a tall and vigorous looking man who believes in out-door exercise. In a conversation regarding his literary career, the poet said:

"I don't exactly remember when I began to write. I know it was before I left college. Some of my poems were copied by the papers, and in a little while I had a reputation in the literary community of Michigan where I was born and reared up. In time that spread, and while I was yet a young man I was known throughout the middle West, in almost every hamlet of which I had lectured. You see I took to lecturing naturally. I early adopted a method of my own. I do not think it the best way of engaging the attention of your auditors to give simple readings. I prefer to bridge over the pauses with a pertinent talk, the poem, or whatever the reading may be, dropping naturally in place."

After leaving his Michigan home the poet went East, and about eight years ago located in Boston, where his wife and himself now have a pleasant home. He says he moves very far away from the roof tree, and this is his first visit to the coast. Like all Easterners he had a desire and curiosity to see and know the far western country, and embraced the first opportunity that came his way.

Mr. Carleton is constantly engaged in his work, and has now in press a volume which he calls "My Personal History" from which he gave extracts in his lecture. He is also engaged on a volume of stories, which will shortly be ready. Some of these have already been published, but in the volume will be several which have never appeared.

"I sometimes think," said the poet, "I allow my lecture work to engross too much of my attention. I am a writer—that is my chosen vocation—and a writer of poetry more than of prose. I devote my entire time to the production of manuscript I would be a great deal more prolific than I am. But I am satisfied as it is. I like to loiter about the country and see things, and the lecturing business gives me an opportunity to gratify that liking."

In reply to a question as to which of his works he regards as his best, the poet thought it a difficult question to answer, as every author has an affection for the creatures of his fancy, and a merit which he doesn't find in one he'll find in another. He finds, however, that the poem which appeals to his auditors most strongly is "The First Settler's Story" in Farin Ballads. The poet has the best effect with it and was in his prime when he wrote it. The homely sentiment of all that Mr. Carleton has written accounts, he thinks, in a large measure for the success of his success that has fallen to him. Carleton's poems are more read by the fireside than in the parlor.

"The singer whose ballads reach the hearts of those whose lives have left them simple and unaffected," continued the poet, "and to whom he may bring a brief period of amusement, or it may be sympathy for the sorrows of his creations, has accomplished a greater work than he who is read only in the closet. He has added more to the sum of human happiness, and after all, that is what we are, every one of us, aiming after, the completion of our small cycle of existence with as little pain as possible or with as much ease, comfort and pleasure. It is a happiness to think that you are able to make others happy, and that is the chief enjoyment I get out of my labor."

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Carriage or Promenade, Rain or Shine.

## OUR FANCY PARASOLS

Are the Choicest Creations of the summer season, made up in Stylish Designs from Delicate and Filmy Laces, Crepe Lisse, Chiffons and Changeable Silks, in a Variety of Colorings.

## Children's Parasols.

The little ones are not overlooked by any means. Bring them with you. Make their little hearts leap for joy when they see and possess one of our cute Parasols that cost but 35 cents.

## Sunshades and Umbrellas.

Particularly Stylish this summer. Handles are very unique and striking. Some are of the natural wood, tortured and twisted into singular shapes. Others are mounted in Gold, Silver and Precious Stones; showy and striking, neat and plain. Inexpensive, too, most of them, considering the elaborate detail of the workmanship.

## CHILDREN'S STRAW HATS.

We have quite an assortment of these, which it is worth your while to examine. There is a variety of styles; some Boys' Hats as low as 25 cents each. Six bits will buy one that is really stunning.

## Children's Hoods and Caps.

The wee little tots can be fitted out with all their youthful requirements. We have Hoods and Caps as pretty as any fond mother could wish them. Dresses and Cloaks, plain or exceedingly handsome. The length of one's purse sometimes decides which to buy.

## Youths' and Boys' Clothing.

Just opened a large lot of these. Stylish in Cut, Serviceable in Wear, Low in Price. No better value anywhere.

We shall be glad to show you through our stock, because we can satisfy the most fastidious.

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